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Och ! cryd, achreth, a dychrym,
 A saeth i'n calonnau syn !
 Pan oedh yn fyw, lhiû y llys,
 Fel enaid oedh i'r ynys;
 Ei mûr oedh, a'i hymwared;
 Ond pan dhigiai, crynai crêd:
 Ei digofaint oedh haint hylh,
 I wyr Ffraigc garw ei ffrewylh:
 Ymlidiodeh, gyrrrodeh a'i gwyr
 O'r maes, a'r byd, ormeswyr :
 Lhoscodh, a thorrodeh, a thân
 Fil o'u tyreu, fel taran :
 Ond gadawodh yn gedol
 Brenhin dâ, a hêdh o'i hôl.—STEPH. PARRY è Coll. Jes.

In No. 16 of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 170, your correspondent, Mr. Parry, notices a Welsh Air under the title of "Hoffder Arglwydd Strains," and to which you have affixed a query as to the accuracy of the name. I conjecture, that Lord Strange was meant, as the Barons Strange, of Knockin, Salop, of the Derby family, were, of old, important on the Borders as Lords Marchers.

I take this opportunity of mentioning, that Bronwen's urn, of which Sir Richard Hoare has given an account in your Number for October last, is now in my possession at Chester.

I remain, Sir, yours &c.

Chester, Feb. 24, 1821.

R. LLWYD.

EPITAPH AT CAERWYS.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—In page 229 of No. 17, I find an anonymous correspondent requesting to be informed, through the medium of your valuable publication, of the author of the lines copied upon a tomb-stone in Caerwys Church-yard.—The Cywydd, out of which they are taken, is now before me. It is the juvenile production of Thomas Hughes, then of Bala, but now of Liverpool, in commemoration of Miss Jane Foulks of Bala, buried October, 28, 1785.

The copyist has not adhered to the original in the first line; instead of "fy," when connected with "ddyn hawddgar," it should have been "ei." And you will perceive, that the lines

are in other respects inaccurately transcribed, and that two lines of the Cywydd are omitted in the Epitaph. Underneath you have the whole passage as it is in the original publication.

I am, Sir, your constant reader,
Llanarmon-yn-Idl, Feb. 28, 1821. SAMUEL DAVIES.

“ Er rhoi ei chorph i orphwys,
Dd yn hawddgar, i'r ddaear ddwys,
Cwyd ei llwch o'r trwch lle trig,
Llygradwy'n anlygredig :
Cadarn gorn neu udgorn Nef,
Ar ei ddeiliaid ry ddolef.
Ni all angau a'i gleddau glas,
Er eu lladd 'nawr eu lluddias ;
Clywant, hwy godant yn glau,
A dringant o dir angau :
Ac yna bydd gogoniant
Un agraph Seraph a Sant.”

DEAN SWIFT.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR.—Though no person living can more warmly appreciate the *genuine* wit, that pervades the works of Dean Swift, than myself, yet it is with great contempt I have noticed the puerile sarcasms on Wales and the Welsh character, in which he has thought proper to indulge in the course of his writings, where he holds to ridicule—not their individual vices, nor any general trait of character degrading to a people, but—*their poverty!!*

I should be glad, Mr. Editor, if you or any of your correspondents, who are better informed on the subject than myself, would state whether Dean Swift has any foundation in truth for the following assertion contained in one of his Poems in praise of Ireland, which I very much doubt:—

“ This beauteous Island Pallas call’d her own
When haughty Britain was a land unknown.”

If this query is worth a place in your MISCELLANIST, its insertion will oblige. Your obedient and humble Servant.

JEFFREY LLEWELYN